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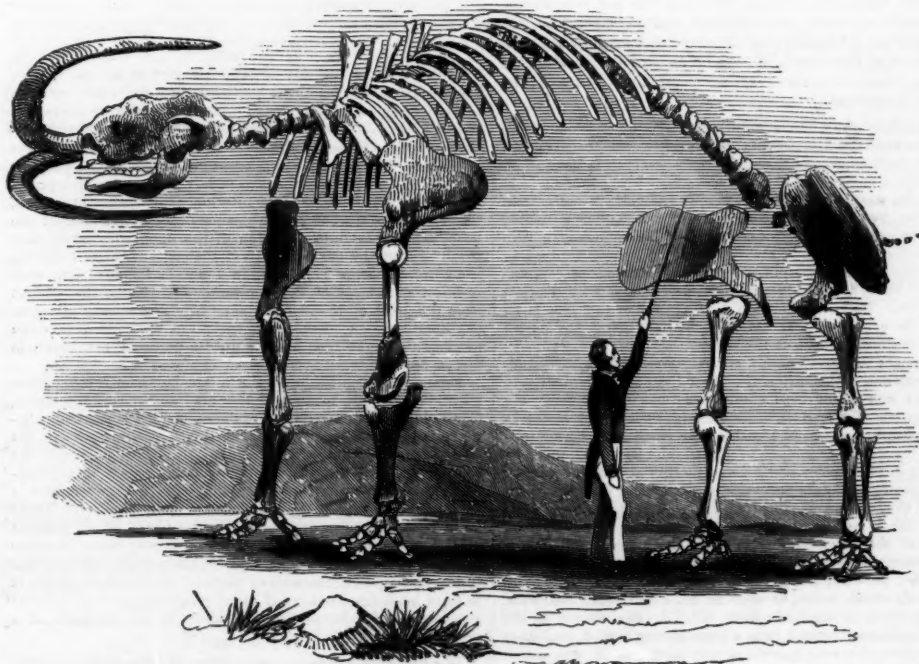
SKELETON OF THE MISSOURI LEVIATHAN.

Length, Thirty feet. Height, Fifteen feet.

EXHIBITED AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

"This gorgeous apparatus! This display!
This ostentation of Creative Power!
This theatre! What eye can take it in?
By what divine commandment was it raised?
For minds of the first magnitude to launch,
In endless speculation, and adore!

YOUNG.



THE MISSOURI LEVIATHAN; OR, MISSOURIUM.

To call this reputed wonder of a former world one of the "*Lions*" of London, might subject our nomenclature to the simper of the scientific. Still, the gigantic skeleton represented upon the preceding page is, at this moment, one of the most attractive of our metropolitan sights, and will, we trust, be found to merit the attention which it is fast monopolising.

The "*Missouri Leviathan*," as the discoverer, M. Albert Koch, terms this strange creature, was found in the year 1838, near the shores of the river *La Pomme de Terre*, a tributary of the Osage river, in Benton county, in the state of Missouri, lat. 40°, and long. 18°. It was discovered imbedded twenty feet beneath the surface of the earth; and M. Koch states there is every reason to believe, that the *Pomme de Terre*, at some former period, was a magnificent river, from one-and-a-half to three-fourths of a mile in breadth, and that its waters washed the high rocky banks on either side; and which present a great resemblance to those of the Missouri and Mississippi. It appears from the different strata, that since this huge animal existed, six or seven different changes have taken place here, by which the original bed of the *Pomme de Terre* was filled with as many different strata. The strata in which the *Missourium* was found, consisted of quicksand and a brown alluvial soil, the latter mixed with vegetable remains of a tropical or very low southern production. They comprised large quantities of cypress-burs, wood, and bark; tropical cane and swamp moss; several stumps of trees resembling logwood; the greater part of a flower of the *Strelitzia* class, which when destroyed was not full blown; and several stems of palmetto leaf, one possessing all the fibres perfect, or nearly so. To those not acquainted with the nature of this plant, it may be as well to observe that it is not found at present farther north than the northern parts of Louisiana.

"The time when the revolution of the earth took place, during which the *Missourium* lost its life, was between the 15th of September and 20th of October, which is proved by the fact just mentioned of the cypress-burs being found; from which circumstance might be readily inferred, that they had been torn by force from their parent stem before they had arrived at perfection, and were involved in one common ruin with the trees which bore them; these having been torn up by the roots, and twisted and split into a thousand pieces, apparently by lightning, combined with a tremendous tempest or tornado. There was no sign or indication of any very large trees, the cypresses that were discovered being the largest that were growing here at the time.

"Through this stratum ran several veins of iron ore—sufficient evidence of the antiquity of this deposit. Immediately over this was one of blue clay, three feet in thickness; the next was one of gravel from nine to eighteen inches in thickness, so hard compressed together that it resembled pudding-stone; the next was a layer of light blue clay, from three to four feet in thickness: on this was another stratum of gravel, of the same thickness and appearance of the one first mentioned; this was succeeded by a layer of yellowish clay, from two to three feet in thickness; over this, a third layer of gravel, of the same appearance and thickness; and, at last, the present surface, consisting of a brownish clay, mingled with a few pebbles, and covered with large oak, maple, and elm trees, which were, as near as M. Koch could ascertain, from eighty to a hundred years old. In the centre of the above-mentioned deposit, was a large spring which appeared to rise from the very bowels of the earth, as it was never affected by the severest rain, nor did it become lower by the longest drought.

"About two hundred yards from the said deposit stands a rock, in which can be traced, in deep and furrowed lines, the former

course of angry waters; yet its summit is full thirty feet above the present level of the *Pomme de Terre*; and from the base down to the deposit of the bones is sixteen feet—making, from the stratum on which the bones were deposited to the edge of the rock, forty-six feet.

"This gigantic skeleton measures thirty feet in length and fifteen in height; the head measures, from the tip of the nose to the spine of the neck, six feet; from one zygomatic arch to the other, four feet; from the lower edge of the upper lip to the first edge of the front tooth, twenty inches; from the front point of the lower jaw to the first edge of the front tooth, eight inches; from the edge of the upper lip, measuring along the roof of the mouth to the socket of the eye, three feet; from thence to where the atlas joins the head, ten and a half inches. The whole number of teeth is eight—that is, four upper and four lower, not including the two tusks. The two upper fore teeth are four inches broad and four and a half inches in length, and are situated in the head in such a manner that they slant towards the roof of the mouth, inasmuch that their outer edge is an inch and a quarter higher than their inside edge. The back teeth in the upper jaw are seven inches in length, and where they unite with the front teeth, they are like those four inches broad, and from thence run narrower back until they end almost in a point. The formation of the nose is very peculiar: it consists of a bony substance interwoven with cells, and presents a broad, flat appearance; it projects thirteen inches over the lower jaw, and ends in two nostrils, which are somewhat raised on the face. This nose rests partly on the roof of the mouth, and partly on the upper lip, which latter is somewhat arched on both sides, and forms a ridge in the centre."

As the right tusk was found solid in the head, and as it remained fixed in its socket during its excavation and transportation over a very rough and wilderness country, M. Koch considers the tusks to have been carried by the animal almost horizontally, bending somewhat down, and coming with their points up again; their length is ten feet, exclusive of one foot three inches which form the root, and is hidden from the eye of the observer, as it is concealed in and under the skull. The tusks are remarkably large in proportion to the size of the head, and their roots are perfectly firm and solid, so as to leave only space for the nerve. The body of these tusks has been a formation of coarse ivory, partaking somewhat of the nature of bone—so much so, that it will again unite and become whole after an injury; which is proved by the fact of the right tusk having a large scar where it had been severely injured. As soon as the tusks leave the interior of the head, which takes place opposite the chin, they run parallel on each side of the nose, sinking down to the edge of the upper lip, until they reach the outer edge of it; from thence they make a sudden bend and run from both sides in a horizontal position, each forming somewhat of a semicircle. Measuring those tusks from the point of the one to the point of the other, following the curvature, is twenty-one feet; the distance across the head in a straight line, from point to point of the tusks, is fifteen feet.

Especially remarkable on the lower jaw is a protuberance which is immediately situated over the *posterior mental foramen*, from whence it proceeds out of the *ramus* in a horizontal position; its point is somewhat bent down, inclining back; its length is two inches and three quarters; its diameter at the root is one inch and a half. M. Koch considers this protuberance peculiar to the *Missourium*, as he has never seen a similar one on any of the great number and variety of fossils he has disinterred or examined, or of animals of the present race, and as yet he has never heard it mentioned by other naturalists. Another peculiarity of this protuberance is, that it possesses points resembling thorns. M. Koch supposes it to have been the location of some remarkably strong muscles attached to the lower lip, that gave it the strength of a proboscis.

We have not space to quote from M. Koch's descriptive pamphlet, the measurement of the different bones contained in the skeleton:

"All the vertebrae are remarkably narrow, and must have

given the animal a superior degree of action in the back; this is more particularly observable in the vertebrae of the neck, which give it the appearance of being very short. The two posterior vertebrae adjoining the os sacrum are united in one, which appears to have given the back more elasticity.

The ribs are remarkably slender and short in proportion to the size of the animal, and have had a great deal of cartilage attached to them: the six first are the strongest, and all have the singular peculiarity of standing half reversed in the body; that is, the edge of the rib bends in towards the intestines, and the opposite edge outwards, showing great lateral action."

M. Koch concludes the *Missourium* to have been an inhabitant of rivers and large lakes, as is proved by the formation of the bones, and webbed feet; and in habits, M. Koch considers the *Missourium* to have assimilated to the hippopotamus.

The vastness of the skeleton has led some persons to impugn its authenticity; or rather to question whether all the bones contained in it belonged to the animal; and this idea is favoured by the imperfect manner in which the bones are articulated. However, this is a point for the scientific to settle; and as the skeleton has been visited by Professor Owen, Dr. Buckland, and other distinguished comparative anatomists and geologists, a more distinct illustration of this wonder may be shortly expected. Of this there is allowed to be no doubt—that the skeleton in question is the genuine fossil relic of some gigantic animal of other ages. Near the skeleton, M. Koch discovered an arrow-head of rose-coloured flint, in form resembling those used by the American Indians, but of a larger size. "If this arrow be the production of human agency," says the *Times*, "it will overturn the generally received notion entertained by geologists, that the antediluvian animals existed and became extinct prior to the creation of man;" though this is a point open to much dispute.

M. Koch compares the *Missourium* with the leviathan of Scripture; and the coincident characteristics are very remarkable. He likewise relates some interesting traditions of the Indians in connexion with "the Big Bone river," in the same locality as the *Pomme de Terre*.

In general character, the skeleton in question reminds the spectator of that of the Mammoth, or fossil elephant, found in the ice in Siberia early in the present century. This framework is, however, only nine feet four inches high, and sixteen feet four inches long; whereas the *Missourium* is fifteen feet in height, and thirty in length; the tusks are horizontally placed, while those of the Mammoth are vertically disposed. The Madras elephants, we know, have been described as from seventeen to twenty feet high; but, upon admeasurement, have proved not to exceed ten feet in height. The *Iguanodon*, we learn from Dr. Mantell, measured from the snout to the extremity of the tail seventy feet, and fourteen and a half feet in circumference of body; but of this length, the tail was fifty two and a half feet.

The *Missourium* is mounted upon a slightly raised platform in the largest apartment of the Egyptian Hall, so that the upper ridge is nearly upon a level with the gallery around the room. In the same apartment is a very interesting fossil collection of remains of the *Mastodon*, *Tetracaulodon*, &c. the inspection of which will amply repay the naturalist and lover of nature.

LONDON GAMES.

How strange it is to look through the loopholes of time at the changes in manners which a few whirls of the earth bring about, among those who people its surface! Endless would be the labour of chronicling these shiftings of the sands of life; and the task would be, to a certain

extent, unprofitable. Yet, unimportant as many of these transactions are in themselves, they tend to explain changes of greater consequence, and illustrate the trite maxim—"from little causes great effects arise." In this light, we have ever regarded the transitions in the *Amusements of the People* of England, which are nowhere more evident than in their vast metropolises.

Who, for example, can imagine a May-pole upon the site of St. Andrew Under-shaft, in Leadenhall Street, and the apprentices' riot there on Evil May-day; although this portion of London abounds in overhanging and gabled house-fronts, of considerable antiquity: or who can imagine May-day games in the Strand, and the May-pole nearly on the site of St. Mary-le-Strand church, replaced in 1713 by a new pole opposite Somerset House, with two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, decorated on rejoicing days with flags and garlands. Newton, we know, begged this pole, in 1718, as a stand for a telescope—an omen of the decline of mirthful pastime beneath the rod of science. What have we left of this carnival of Flora—this feast of Nature and the Poets—this *carmen triumphale* of rustic life—this gay livery of the country, its powdered bushes and hedges, the spangles of its meads, and the early glories of its gardens, borne into the very heart of London. Then, in May-fair, what relic is there of these festive customs? for who can associate the high-walled gardens of Devonshire, Lansdowne, and Chesterfield houses, with the sports of the people on May-day; or see their beauties in the dingy shrubs of Berkeley-square, which, to paraphrase a piece of City wit, seem to want painting as much as the railings which enclose them. Who can trace a blade of grass on Hay-hill, or any rusticity in Farm-street? Who can people Curzon-street with Maying groups, or mistake the aristocratic rattle of "a town-built chariot," with its gaily-dressed dinner visitors, for the grotesque car and its flower-crowned queen; or gas lamps and carriage lights for bonfires? Would Park-lane be a shade more rural than St. Swithin's or Ivy lanes, in the City, had not the Royal domain on its western side preserved it from the encroachments of brick and mortar? Yet who, in these days, can imagine the Corinnas of May-fair, or the housemaids of Grosvenor-square, *sallying* forth into Hyde Park to wash their faces in May-dew before sunrise? first, they would find the gates locked, and next, their poetic enthusiasm would, probably, be chilled by the rigour of the New Police act. In our day, Corinna has just fallen into her first sleep, after returning from a late rout, and the roses that have fled from her cheek are to be recalled by Rowland's Kalydor; and Mollidusta, too, sleeps, and, perchance, snores: and, though the May-dew ablution may have been an allegory, by which some village Zadig attempted to induce the maidens to attend to the wholesome observances of early rising and exercise—its virtues, real or pretended, are lost, and the sisterhood of fashion and all-work substitute Vegetable Balsam and Life Pills. There was a time, however, when these May customs were observed by royal and noble personages, as well as the vulgar. We must be content with the May-day milk-pail, the bedizened sweeps, and here and there a pair of omnibus horses with a bunch of flowers or penny ribbon in their heads. Strutt tells us that, in his time, the Mayings were, in some part, kept up by the milk-maids of London, who went about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing; but this tracing is a very imperfect shadow of the original sports; for may-poles were set up in the streets, with various martial shows, morris-dancing, and other devices, with which, and revelling and good cheer, the day passed away; at night the people rejoiced, and lid up their fires, "The puritans," we are told, "fought a stubborn battle

with the May-poles—those heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness;” and the poles never held up their heads again. In the good old honest times, wealthy persons lent their plate to decorate the milk-maids’ May “green;” but we would not press the revival of this practice. How the *Saturnalia* of the sweeps lasted till our day, we are at a loss to devise, since a century since it was accounted vulgar: at length, it has been abolished, among the respectability of soot, the scions of which dine together yearly, at some large tavern, whose chimneys they, probably, have swept. This may be preferring the substance to the shadow, and is, certainly, no amendment of “the schoolmaster’s;” since he would have substituted for Jack-in-the-Green a lecture upon Animal Mechanics, with peculiar illustrations of the inclined plane for the edification of refractory “climbing boys.” By the way, who can forget the London chimney-sweepers’ May-day festival, formerly given by the amiable Mrs. Montague, at her mansion and grounds at the north-west angle of Portman-square, with the intention that “they might enjoy one happy day in the year:” these festivities have long been discontinued, though Montague House has never since been so joyful: it is now, in appearance, a dreary and neglected pile, very much in need of “the shovel and brush.” There is, by the way, one more relic of May-day, which is not generally recognized: this is the *bouquet* laid in court before the Lord Chancellor and other judges, which is the representation of the column of May (whence our May-pole), or great standard of justice, in the eye commons or fields. Thus, we keep May-day in Chancery, a position which does not say much for its extensive enjoyment.

We have lost nearly all our suburban Fairs. That at West End became a nuisance from its ruffianism; Camberwell is only just tolerated; and Greenwich fair would be unendurable, were it not for the beautiful park which tempts thousands to its picturesque shades, from the stifling heat and glare of “the fair,” in order to enjoy the lovely in nature. The Lady-fair of Southwark lives in the genius of Hogarth’s print; but Tothill-fields fair has not been so far preserved from oblivion. May-fair, formerly held near Hyde Park, under the authority of a grant to the Abbot of Westminster, is alike forgotten. Fairlop fair has become a scene of plunder, and never did the foresters of old strip the wayfarer more neatly, than the lads of the present day; the *spolia opima* are even brought away by cart-loads. Of Bartholomew fair, *stat nominis umbra*, after an existence of many centuries. It was, for a time, tolerated to the extent of fourteen days, though for the purpose of paying the swordbearer and other City officers, from the revenues yielded by the tolls, &c. Yet this fair was patronized by the wealthy and high-born; for we read of the Ladies Russell, Northumberland, and Shaftesbury returning from Bartholomew Fair in 1670, loaded with fairings for themselves and children. In 1760, when an attempt was made to restrict the fair to three days, the deputy City marshal lost his life: the license of those days was terrific; gambling-houses were freely licensed, disgusting scenes of all descriptions were publicly exhibited, and profligacy of every kind was openly practised; whilst the violence of Lady Holland’s mob often broke out in frightful excesses, and spread consternation and terror around. These enormities have been abated; and such is the apathy as to the fair, that in 1839, the City solicitor recommended the corporation rather to allow it to die a natural death, than abolish the fair by any formal proceeding; and it has declined accordingly. Of Smithfield, the arena of Bartholomew fair, we had almost said,

Et en its ashes live its wonted fires,—

but this may be a dangerous quotation; for where martyrs suffered at the stake, open-air preachers are now allowed to collect crowds. The equine notoriety remains, though the chivalry of our times is a sad falling-off from the tourneys of the middle ages, and even from the equestrianism of the Anglo-Norman “Londiners.” Nevertheless, Giltspur-street denotes the ancient chivalrous celebrity of the neighbourhood, when gallant knights rode this way to the tourney in Smithfield. This place is one of the few olden areas which have been spared to our time, to the decrease of which may be attributed the diminution of our number of field sports. Thus, in a map of London, three hundred years ago, we find the “Spitel Fyeld” for archers; “Fynsburie Fyeld,” with “Dogge’s House,” for the citizens to hunt in; “Moore Fyeld,” with marks as if used by clothiers; “The Banck,” by the side of the river; “the Bolle Bayting Theatre,” (near “the Beare Batynge House,”) near where the bridge now commences; and on the opposite side, houses and trees, named “Paris Garden.”

In Vertue’s Plan of London, date about 1560, the last houses seen are those of the village of St. Giles, then, indeed, *in the Fields*: and the only building between this spot and Primrose Hill is the little solitary church of Tybourn, (Marylebone), at the end of the present High-street. The first church, taken down in 1400, stood in a lonely place near the highway, on or near the site of the present court house, corner of Stratford-place; so that it was often plundered of its images, bells, and ornaments. Again, the neighbourhood of London was admirably adapted for field sports. A vast forest spread over the north side, abounding with many of the large animals of the chase, among which were wild boars. Probably, the thicket now called Hornsey Wood, formed part of this forest; the frequenters of which, instead of valorous hunters, are now tea-drinking and pic-nic parties of citizens. Hampstead, too, abounds with oaks and aged thorns, which indicate native forest.

BLANCHE HERIOT.

A LEGEND OF OLD CHERTSEY CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

“Hark! how they knock!—Who’s there? arise, arise,—Thou wilt be taken.”—*Shakspeare.*

How Neville Audeley returned from the wars.

REDWYNDE COURT, the abode of Sir Mark Heriot, was, at the period we are writing of, a large cluster of irregular buildings, situate on the south bank of the abbey river, within three hundred yards of the monastery, and adjoining the causeway marked in the Exchequer ledger, from which it derived its name. Surrounded by broad and goodly pastures, except where the turrets of the abbey and the habitations of the village interrupted the panorama, its upper stories commanded an extensive prospect over the adjoining country; and in the early feudal times it had ranked between a house and a castle, the entire edifice being encircled by a deep narrow fosse, crossed by a drawbridge. These defences had, however, been long neglected; and the ditch was dry and choked up with weeds, whilst the bridge, devoid of chains and levers, formed the permanent means of access to the mansion. The aspect of the whole range was somewhat dilapidated; for the owner, possessing an inherent dread of innovation, could ill afford, from severe and continued losses in the civil wars, to keep up the necessary establishment commensurate with the size of the house; and now that he

was continually absent, taking his share in the troubles of the epoch, the place was falling piecemeal to decay—a sad emblem of the kingdom in general.

But if the greater part of the Court was thus old and time-worn; if the rafters of the great hall were black and worm-eaten, and the tapestry discoloured by damp, or falling from the bare walls which it was intended to conceal—there were still some of the apartments that retained their pristine beauty, and were even decorated with the choicest articles of such rude luxury as the age produced. In one of these smaller rooms, which was fitted up as a private oratory, on the evening subsequent to the opening of our legend, a fair girl was kneeling on a *prie-Dieu* before a small shrine in a recess of the chamber. The light of a solitary taper fell upon her features, which were of rare beauty; and partly divested of her day attire, as her long chestnut hair fell in heavy and unconfined curls over her white neck and shoulders, she appeared the living copy of one of those glorious impersonations of the Madonna, which the old Italian masters delighted to produce. Her prayer concluded, she arose, and seating herself at one of the small open casements of the room, gazed long and anxiously upon the country beneath her. It was a calm evening, and the moon was throwing the gothic spires of the abbey into softened relief against the sky; whilst the only sound that broke the stillness, was the occasional burst of revelry from a party of late roysterers, or the solemn peal of the organ, as its tones floated on the breeze from the monastery.

"Alas! he comes not yet!" she murmured in accents of despair, as she strained her eyes over the surrounding tract. "Neville—you have deceived me, or perhaps—" and bending down, she covered her fair face with her hands, as if ashamed that even the stars should watch her weeping.

An hour passed by, and still she remained at the window in patient expectancy. At length, as the last chimes of midnight from the abbey clock died away, the clatter of a horse's hoofs, apparently progressing at a furious rate, sounded amidst the general quietude. The noise approached—and now the rider and his steed were discernible on the causeway before the house. They thundered over the old timber of the bridge, and entered the court yard. Here the horseman sprang from his saddle, as he checked the beast almost upon his haunches; and clamoured violently at the gate, until the aged and drowsy porter timidly admitted him, when rushing upstairs, he flew along the old corridor, and entered the oratory.

"My own dear Blanche!" was all he could utter, as the next instant he clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, Neville!" cried the fair girl, throwing her delicate arms around the mail neck-piece of her lover; "I feared that you would not come back. We have heard sad rumours here of Margaret's losses, and I dreaded lest you should have fallen amongst her other hapless followers. But you are returned again, and I am happy.—And the Queen—how fares it with her?"

"Blanche!" exclaimed the young man, wildly, in breathless accents; "all is lost! We have been miserably defeated at Tewkesbury, and even now a price is upon my head, and the hounds are upon my track.—Devonshire, Beaufort, Whittingham—all are slain, and Somerset has been dragged from the sanctuary of the Abbey church, and foully murdered. I must leave you, or my life is forfeited."

"Leave me!" ejaculated his fair companion, starting from his embrace, and gazing at him for an instant, as if bewildered at the intelligence; "oh, no, no—it may not be: you know not what you say, or you are trifling with me. In our Lady's name what mean you, Neville?"

"I have told you but too true," replied Audeley. "My wretched comrades in arms have been hunted down like dogs, and they are pursuing me also. I came but to bid you farewell, dearest, before leaving for the continent. A vessel leaves to-morrow for Ostend, and if I can reach her, I am safe."

"You shall not go," cried Blanche, clinging to him in the vain attempt to arrest his departure. "There are secret places and cellars in this house, where you can remain, and you shall be my prisoner. Neville—I implore you—do not leave me!"

"Tempt me not, Blanche," returned Audeley, "or you will plunge us both into one common ruin. Hark!" he continued, as he drew her towards the casement; "do you hear that noise? It is the bay of the bloodhounds, crossing Laleham pasture, and the ruffians have discovered my route! Nay, cling not so tightly—you know how precious each instant is to me. Farewell, dearest—perhaps for ever;" and kissing her pale cheek, as he disengaged himself from her embrace, he rushed from the oratory. For one instant after his departure, Blanche remained fixed, as if bereft of consciousness, with quivering lip and vacant eye: then, uttering one shrill cry of agony, she fell senseless upon the oaken floor of the chamber.

With the swiftness of lightning, Audeley flew down the staircase, and, well acquainted with the numerous passages of the house, made his way to the court yard. But some of the royalist troops, including the two soldiers whom we left at the hostelry, were already there. A yell of triumph broke forth from the party, at the sight of their prey; and Neville had barely time to retire within the porch, and close the massy door after him, when they reached the house.

Aware that resistance was useless, with the paucity of means of defence at his disposal, and that his only chance of safety remained in flight, he hurriedly drew one of the bolts to cause a trifling delay, and again rapidly ascended the staircase. Turning to the left, on the first landing, he pushed back a small panel, and entered the gallery that ran round the upper part of the hall, just as his pursuers broke open the door. A moment of keen suspense followed. He heard their heavy and confused tramp, as they followed his course up-stairs, and was for an instant in hopes that they would overlook his refuge, and give him time to gain the court yard, whilst they were searching the other rooms of the house; nor was he less anxious on Blanche's account, fearing that she might receive some insult from the rough marauders. But as the party ascended, the hound that preceded them stopped short at the panel by which Neville had entered the gallery, and set up a deep continued howl. The royalists were not long in sounding the wainscot with their partizans, and discovering the sliding door, soon demolished it.

"Keep back the dog, Evered," cried one of the soldiers, "or he will tear him to pieces, and we would rather—"

But before the speaker could conclude, Neville discharged his petronel, and the soldier fell back dead among his comrades. The dog, at the same moment, flew towards Neville, and attempted to fasten on his shoulder. But the armour was proof against his teeth, and, with an effort of gigantic strength, he threw him over the gallery into the hall beneath, with such force, that after a few convulsive throbs, the beast lay dead upon the floor.

The soldiers, who had fallen back at the death of their comrade, now pushed forwards again through the panel, and Neville darted along the gallery to the other end of the hall. To the middle of the ceiling a long chain was attached, to suspend the lamp from; and this, for the convenience of lighting, was drawn towards the side of

the gallery, and there fastened. Desperate with the impending danger, he seized the chain firmly, and cutting asunder the thong that tied it, with his poignard, laid hold with both hands, and swung boldly into the centre of the lofty hall, just as the Yorkists filled the gallery. Gliding swiftly down the chain, he dropped upon the table of the hall, in the midst of a shower of bullets from the arquebusses above, which, however, flew harmlessly around him. To gain the court yard was the work of an instant, and darting along the bridge, he fled in the direction of the monastery, guided by the lights in the windows, which showed that the monks were then celebrating the nocturnal mass.

On perceiving that Neville had eluded their grasp, the soldiers immediately retraced their steps; and, on emerging from the house, caught sight of him as he fled towards the abbey. A shout of encouragement was again raised, and the party was once more engaged in a hot pursuit. The light chain mail which Neville wore gave him some small advantage over the heavy-armed soldiery, and he had placed a good hundred yards between him and his pursuers, when he reached the holy edifice. But the entrance was still separated from him by a high wall, which it was impossible for him to scale, and only one resource was left. Climbing up the fretted gothic carving of the buttress, he contrived to gain a footing in the recess of one of the windows; and clinging to the heavy mullion, he beat down, with his mailed arm and foot, the leaden casement, which fell inwards upon the floor of the chapel, shivered into a thousand pieces.

"A sanctuary! a sanctuary! for the love of the Virgin!" cried the breathless fugitive to the monks, who, petrified with astonishment at his unexpected apparition, had clustered around the abbot at the grand altar. "You know me, Father Angewin,"* he continued, as he leaped down into the transept, crushing the glass beneath his feet; "you know me, and I claim the protection of the Holy Church—it will not, I trust, be refused to a soldier of the ill-fated house of Lancaster."

"You are welcome," replied the abbot, calmly, recovering from his surprise, as he led Neville within the rails of the shrine. "Pray, my son—pray, that the hearts of those who oppress you may be turned to mercy."

The asylum gained, Audeley sank exhausted at the foot of the altar. The swell of the organ again rose through the lofty aisles of the chapel, and the monks were about to recommence the service, which the intrusion had interrupted, when a fresh clamour was heard without, and a man-at-arms appeared directly afterwards in the window by which Neville had entered.

"Father abbot," cried the soldier, "you harbour a rebel to our liege sovereign. I call upon you, in the name of King Edward, to deliver him into our hands."

"He has thrown himself upon the church, and claimed a sanctuary," replied the abbot.

"I care not," rejoined the soldier, bluntly. "The abbey church of Tewkesbury afforded no protection to the Grand Prior of St. John, nor shall the monastery of Chertsey harbour a rebel of inferior rank. Restore him, or we will drag him from the altar."

"Hold, infidel!" cried Neville, as he advanced into the body of the church. "It would be a grievous thing were the sanctuary of Chertsey Abbey to be violated, and its power mocked, upon my account. I ask your assurance for my safety until the curfew rings to-morrow night. If

you have not then received a royal message to the contrary, I will accompany you to execution."

The soldier turned to confer with his comrades, who were clustered outside the window where he stood. After a few minutes' delay he rejoined; "Let it be so, then: but remember—if by to-morrow's curfew you have no warrant of the king's mercy, your head rolls upon the abbey mead. Farewell, holy fathers," he added, with careless levity, as he turned to depart; "shrive your new inmate anon, for his fate is well-nigh sealed."

And in five minutes more the Yorkists had departed and the monks proceeded with the service which had been thus strangely interrupted. A. S.

LOVE AND THE NYMPHS.

An Anacreontic.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL DE BERNIS.

Love, by a gentle streamlet's bed,
Whose waters murmured through the meads,
Lay down one day his wearied head,
And went to sleep among the reeds.

Some water nymphs, a graceful group,
Advanced with footsteps soft and coy,
And o'er the sleeper wondering stoop,
Admiring such a lovely boy.

"Sister, how sweet he smiles!" cried one;
Alas! the nymph was indiscreet;
For Love awoke at her sweet tone,
And straightway planned a base deceit.

With winning looks and purpose aly,
The arch dissembler strove to please
Those timid nymphs, who, grown less shy,
Took the young flatterer on their knees.

Nais, Cleanthe, Eucharis,
Entwined with flowers the boy's bright tresses;
While Cupid with a smile and kiss
Returned to each her fond caresses.

But soon a cruel flame there hovered
By day and night round each fair breast;
And the imprudent nymphs discovered
That they had harboured Love as guest.

"Oh! bid our former rest return,"
Then cried the river's hapless daughters—
"Perfidious Paphian god, we burn,
Even amid our limpid waters."

But Love replied, "Cease, Naiads, cease,
Nor be my tender fires thus slighted;
I light the flame whene'er I please,
But cannot quench it when 'tis lighted."

G.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

NEW-YEAR NOVELTIES.

WE resume our glimpses at the great world of letters, from *The Mirror*, vol. xxxvii.; in the persuasion that their piquancy may gratify the readers of *The London Saturday Journal*, as we have reason to believe it did the supporters of the first-named miscellany.

The New Year opens new prospects to every one swimming in stately pride, or struggling with adverse circumstances, in the varied stream of life. People shake off the plethora of Christmas, and open widely their eyes to see what is next to be done. Pleasure-hunters and sight-seekers sigh for new worlds; and men of business set about new projects with a zest which no other season could inspire. The publishers are especially busy in their imaginative craft; and poor authors, who rarely suffer by Christmas excesses, sharpen their wits into desperate anta-

* Thomas Angewin was, according to Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, abbot of Chertsey monastery, A. D. 1458, and was re-elected, A. D. 1465.

gonism with the gravities and ills of life; for to them publishers' gold is "all things by turns, and nothing long." Perhaps, new year's gifts are not so common as they were thirty years ago; and people button up their pockets and hearts closer than formerly: still, in this intellectual age, books are more commonly presented to young persons than ever,—so that we find even the publisher to the Useful Knowledge Society descending from the stilts of science, and treating the little folks with *A New Chapter of the Kings of England*; next we have *A New Jack the Giant Killer*; and a tiny magazine, *The Child at Home*, where it, doubtless, always wishes to be. These are *juvenilia*, "trifles light as air," but they are seasonable trifles, as well as the "Ginger Liqueur Brandy," which, the advertisement tells us, "no family in the kingdom should be without." But to more sober matters.

The Times journal, in the plenitude of its eight-and-forty daily columns, can afford to be more literary than of old; and right well does it wield its power. Its reviews of new books are as gladiatorial as its political leaders; and they are alike in masterly keeping. In a late number, we were equally struck with the vigour and justice of the following remarks:—

"We are gradually becoming inoculated by the French and German taste for cheap bibliopolism. Perhaps, our fresh issues of books of sterling and recognised merit are almost as cheap as they could be made, consistently with careful production, with the supply of a serviceable paper, and with the excessive duty to which that article (of downright necessity) is in this country ridiculously subject. But the prices of all new books amongst us are perfectly enormous, compared with those which prevail on the continent. Every one who has been to Germany knows what the fair of Leipzig produces. In France, the business of publication is carried on with, perhaps, still less expense to the public; immense editions are sold, and author and bookseller are both of them well remunerated. Facts in these cases are the only arguments. During the last 18 months a series of little works, entitled *Physiologies*, as *Physiologie du Tailleur*, *Physiologie de l'Étudiant*, *Physiologie de l'Homme à Bonnes Fortunes*, has issued from the Parisian press; not very voluminous, certainly, but excellent in quality, and copiously illustrated by Gavarni and all the most eminent caricaturists of France. For these little works, for which a crown at least would be charged in London, with, probably, some lying nonsense in the trade puffs about 'unprecedented cheapness,' a single franc is charged in Paris. Let the London trade look to this. If they are not prepared to treat the public with liberality, with what face do they complain of want of encouragement? So long as they publish their books at unpurchaseable prices, that they should break by dozens is only a natural consequence. A *Bibliothèque Française* is now being published in Paris, in 30 volumes, presenting, for three or four francs a volume, the works of the most celebrated writers of France, illustrated by learned notes, and a selection of the most esteemed commentaries. The publisher (it is no fulsome falsehood to call him 'spirited') deals with nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre*, and has literally realized his promise that 'leur extrême modicité de prix' would place these volumes in a state of the most satisfactory completeness, 'à la portée de toutes les fortunes.' There is a splendid work called *Le Jardin des Plantes*, with richly-coloured engravings of the highest excellence, zoological, floricultural, and botanical; portraits of Cuvier, Buffon, and the other naturalists of France, views and plans of the gardens, &c., now going through the press, in thick and voluminous parts, for 30 centimes (3d.) each! If it must be our fate (which seems extremely probable) to be speedily outstripped in information and intelligence by our neighbours of the Outre-Manche, let the shame rest upon monopolizing, money-grinding booksellers. Let not Penny Magazines and Cyclopedias for the diffusion and confusion of 'useful knowledge' be flung in our teeth as an answer to these remarks. They are no answer. Letterpress and illustrations are both the work of inferior men, incapable of awaking the popular mind, or inspiring

popular interest. But the illustrations of animal and vegetable nature to which we have alluded above, are both the productions of the first artists of France; and elegance and exactitude of outline are rendered complete, by the most magnificent colouring after nature—what a contrast to the stark and staring woodcuts, by which foreigners are so much diverted in our 'penny literature!'

"In addition to the vast fecundity of the Parisian press, in novels, romances, and tales interminable, bristling in *feuilletons*, and packed into library volumes, there is, likewise, a translation factory from the English kept pretty briskly at work. The lingual steam-engine is driven by M. Defauconpret, who has translated the works of Sir Walter Scott for the Cabinets de Lecture. This gentleman has also translated several copies of Cooper's novels, and some of Captain Marryatt's, the preference of selection being unquestionably accorded to them, in consequence of their 'naval' character, a school of art in which France is extremely backward. These translations, as may well be conceived, are truly Frenchified affairs; even the very names being curiously and ridiculously metamorphosed; thus we have 'Monsieur le Midshipman Easy' for one title, 'Le Marin à Terre' ('the Middy Ashore') for another, and the last issued figures as 'Joseph Rushbrook.' But no Frenchman ever yet could spell an English name.

"The most noticeable thing about these publications is the remarkably cheap price at which they are sold. Each volume is charged only 3½f., while the paltriest translated trash that goes into our circulating libraries here, is impudently priced at half a guinea a volume. The most splendid works of original fiction, witness *Eugene Sue's Mathilde*, are published at the same price as Defauconpret's translations. Observe how, by this liberal arrangement, author and public (and the bookseller himself in the long run) are benefited. Cheap reprints of 'standard' English works, from French presses, abound; and Galignani's establishment has been cut out in some directions, and forced in others to reduce its expensiveness, by which it rivalled even London humbug. There is scarcely a short book of acknowledged merit in the circle of English literature, that you cannot purchase, reprinted in Paris by Frenchmen, yet with great accuracy, for 8d., 10d., or, at the very utmost, 15d. In this most astonishing activity of the publishing world, a very marked preference is given to English literature, the German being little cultivated."

We have only glanced at *England in the Nineteenth Century*, Part I. of the Northern and Southern Division, respectively; and, if fine printing, excellent paper, and profuse illustration, can attract the public to the staple, topography, this work will receive a very large share of attention. The general character of the work is that of an itinerary; pleasantly written, but treating more of living manners and characteristics than antiquities. Probably, this is politic; for the mantle of Leland finds comparatively few wearers, and his fate is not encouragement. By the way, he presented his scheme for a topography of England and Wales, under the title of "A New Year's Gift," to Henry VIII.; but the poor antiquary lost his patron, and next the favour of the court, and so slackened. Happily, in our times, literature does not rest upon any such patronage; and *England in the Nineteenth Century* needs no such passport to public favour. Of its extrinsic merits—fine paper and printing—we have spoken; its embellishments, maps, plates on steel, and wood cuts to be read with the text, of which they are, indeed, part and parcel, are very satisfactory: one of the plate views, St. Michael's Mount, by Creswick, is admirably drawn; throughout the cuts there is artistical feeling in the picturesque subjects, and accuracy in those illustrating the details of the Cotton Manufacture, which is "the feature" of Part I.—Northern Division—Lancashire; the vignettes of towns and coast scenery in Part I.—Southern Division—Cornwall, are also very pleasing. The letterpress demands closer examination; meanwhile,

we detach a specimen of the author's talent for observation:—"There can be no better opportunity of observing the population than upon a market-day; that of Launceston appeared to be wholly agricultural. The farmers seemed to be a sturdy race; but the women exhibited no more than ordinary pretensions to beauty. One must be excepted, possessing attractions of which she might well be vain. Eyes dark as death, features nicely chiselled, and of uncommon regularity, hair of jet, and a skin of singular clearness, but 'white as a marble image'—stamped her as one of whom Italy might be proud. She was dressed, if not with pure taste, at least becomingly, indicating that she well understood what was calculated to set her person off to advantage. There is a character of person belonging to the earlier inhabitants of the county, or arising from some connexion with other than Saxon 'foreigners,' which must strike all who scrutinize them with attention. The introduction of the Saxon breed into Cornwall is evident enough; but there are many who exhibit marks of a southern extraction, in large black eyes, dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; perhaps the descendants of settlers from the south of Spain, at a very remote period. So forcibly was Warner struck by this appearance, upon his tour in Cornwall, thirty years ago, that he pointedly alludes to the ancient intercourse between the people of Cadiz and Cornwall, as the probable origin of a race so distinct from their fellow-countrymen." For the present, we conclude by observing, that the present is a work not merely for the residents or natives of the respective places which it describes, but for the general reader, so as to familiarize him with every part of "England as it is; in its natural scenery, historic memorials, and productive industry." The English, with their natural love of travel, from early times, aided by the appliances of the most enlightened triumphs of science, know comparatively little of their own country,—its matchless beauties of surface, its exhaustless relics of olden glory, and its vast resources of present prosperity; in conveying which desirable information, in a sound, but popular manner, we think the work before us likely to succeed; and the publishers deserve encouragement for the spirit in which they have set about their enterprise. By the way, the wrapper of the work is a clever design, by Harvey, at once emblematic and real, effectively telling its national story, and grouped with the artist's accustomed graceful feeling; though a little more breadth in the engraving would have been an improvement.

We notice, with much regret, recorded in *The Times* of the 4th inst., the death of Mr. Edward Howard, the author of *Ratlin the Reefer*, and a proprietor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*. Mr. Howard was introduced to the public by Captain Marryat, who edited his earliest work; when he at once took his station as an original writer of great vigour and graphic skill; which reputation he subsequently maintained, in a rapid succession of nautical and other novels, of high and deserved celebrity.

LAYS OF A LUNATIC.

No. V.—THE DREAM.

I HAD a dream—a horrible dream,
Ha, ha! fair maid, dost hear?
You'll like my theme, 'tis a pleasant theme
For a lovely maiden's ear;
'Tis all of death—corruption—worms,
That merrily feast on putrid forms;
'Tis all of charnel houses—bones,
Of clanking chains, and hollow moans;
'Tis all of dens and dreary caves,
Where the shrieking victim vainly craves
For mercy,—what dost fear?

You'll like my tale, 'tis a merry tale;
He, ha! I laugh e'en now
At the thoughts of it; here, maiden, sit,
With the pearls around thy brow;
With thy rosy cheeks, and the silken flow
Of raven hair, that floateth low;
With the heaving breast so soft and white,
And eyes that swim in love's own light;
I'll speak of one with just such hair,
With eyes as bright, and skin as fair,
Ay, beautiful as thou!

Methought I stood in a lonely wood
Where all was still and dim;
A river by, flowed silently,
With lilies at the brim;
From out the thicket came a doe
All silver white, and stooping low,
Among the sweet flowers at the brink,
Began the crystal wave to drink;
I drew my bow, the arrow flew;
Oh! 'twas a cursed deed to do,
But for an idle whim!

The creature sank upon the bank,
All dabbled in her gore;
A wailing sound went floating round
That forest old and hoar;
I hastened to the spot, and there,
Oh, agony too great to bear!
Amid a pool of life-blood warm,
Beheld my much-loved Anna's form;
She turned on me one pitying glance,
Then quiet lay in death's cold trance,
And never breathed more.

And then methought, to frenzy wrought,
I shrieked and cursed aloud,
While every tree seemed answering me,
And forth there came a crowd
Of demon forms; away I flew
The mazes of the woodland through,
And still where'er I turned, there came
Strange shapes, with eyes of lurid flame,
That glared upon me, as in wrath;
And ever one stood in my path,
Wrapped in a gory shroud.

With failing strength, I reached at length
The borders of the wood,
A river rolled like molten gold,
Where pantingly I stood;
To quench my thirst, and cool my brain,
I stooped me to the wave; a stain
Spread over it from shore to shore,
Till it became a flood of gore;
And as in horror back I drew,
The shouting demons came in view,
And still their cry was "blood!"

I plunged me in, and strove to win
The shore at farther side;
'Twas all in vain; on me seemed lain
A hand, beneath the tide;
The sanguine waters bubbled o'er,
And in mine ears a deaf'ning roar
Was heard, as of a thunder-peal,
And then I ceased to think or feel;
Why was that deep trance ever broke,
And I to suffering awoke?
Oh, that I then had died!

List, maiden, list! I prithee, list
To what I next shall tell;
Ha, ha! dost hear that shriek of fear?
Dost hear that frantic yell?
'Twas that which broke my slumber deep,
Rare sport it was to see them leap,

Those skinny bags in yonder glen,
Where dwells the she-wolf in her den;
Rare sport it was, in vaulted tomb,
To sit me down amid the gloom,
And list the tolling bell.

Nay, nay, sweet maid! be not dismayed!
Thy cheek is deadly pale;
Come, smile on me, that I may see
Thou lov'st to hear my tale:
That smile—that smile! there was but one
That e'er looked so, and she is gone
To rest within the silent tomb,—
She brightened all my world of gloom;
The light is quenched, and I am left
Of every hope and joy bereft
To wander in life's vale.

Alone—alone! all, all—alone!
She's melted into air;
There's no one near, my soul to cheer,
Or soothe my dark despair;
Ah, ah! why, what a fool am I,
Thus like a peevish child to cry
At that which should but give me joy!
Here no one cometh to annoy
With flatteries, and specious lies,
And fair smooth-tongued civilities,
To catch me in a snare.

H. G. ADAMS.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

Sir Isaac Newton's Magnet.—The smallest natural magnets generally possess the greatest proportion of attractive power. The magnet worn by Sir Isaac Newton, in his ring, weighed only three grains, yet it was able to take up seven hundred and forty-six grains, or nearly two hundred and fifty times its own weight; whereas magnets weighing above two pounds, seldom lift more than five or six times their own weight.

Polarized Carriage Wheels.—The uppermost part of the iron wheel round a carriage-wheel attracts the north end of the magnet, and is, consequently, a south pole; while the lower part of the same iron, in contact with the ground, attracts the south end of the needle, and is, therefore, a north pole. Turn the same wheel half round a circle, and these poles will immediately become reversed.

Marvels of Modern Science.—The practical results of the progress of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, are of the most marvellous kind; and to make them all distinct would require a comparison of ancient and modern states. Ships that were moved by human labour in the ancient world, are transported by the wind; and a piece of steel touched by the magnet, points to the mariner his unerring course from the old to the new world: by the exertions of one man of genius, aided by the resources of chemistry, a power which, by the old philosophers, could hardly have been imagined, has been generated, and applied to almost all the machinery of active life; the steam-engine performs not only the labour of horses, but of man, by combinations which appear almost possessed of intelligence; waggons are moved by it, combinations made, vessels caused to perform voyages in opposition to wind and tide, and a power placed in human hands which seems almost unlimited. To these novel and still extending improvements may be added others, which, though of a secondary kind, yet materially affect the comforts of life; as the collecting from fossil materials the elements of combustion, and applying them so as to illuminate by a single operation, houses, streets, and even cities.

Freezing produced by Motion.—Dr. Dalton has succeeded in cooling water five degrees below its freezing point, 32°, without rendering it ice. In this case, it is necessary to keep the water in a state of the most complete rest; for the least agitation either prevents it from falling lower than 32°, or if it be brought down below this point, it instantly begins to freeze, and the fluid part rises to 32°.

Power of the Lever.—Archimedes said, "Give me a lever long enough, and a prop strong enough, and with my own weight I will move the world." But he would have required to move with the velocity of a cannon-ball for millions of years, to alter the position of the earth a small part of an inch. This feat of Archimedes is, in mathematical truth, performed by every man who leaps from the ground; for he kicks the world away from him whenever he rises, and attracts it again when he falls.—*Arnot.*

Intensity and Colour of Ignited Bodies.—Mr. Wedgwood supposes that a body becomes just luminous in the dark at 947°; and that a full red heat, visible in open daylight, takes place at 1077°. According to the intensity of the temperature, the colour of the ignited body is altered. At first, it exhibits what has been called a cherry red; afterwards, the red acquires a yellowish tinge; and lastly, all colour disappears, and we have only a brilliant white light.

The Friction upon Railways is calculated by Dr. Lardner to be about 7½ lbs. per ton. It is curious to contemplate that a piece of common packthread, capable of bearing a strain of 7½ lbs. is sufficient to draw a weight of one ton on a railway, and to keep it in motion.

Atomic Deposition.—Professor Davy has found that by repeatedly passing an electric current through bicarburetted hydrogen, the gas has been deprived of one atom of carbon, which formed a black crust upon the eudiometer, or vessel containing it.

Maturation of Wine.—If diluted alcohol be enclosed in a bladder, it will become highly concentrated; the watery parts escaping, and the spirit remaining almost pure. It has been suggested to take advantage of this process, by closing the mouths of bottles with bladder instead of cork, and thus hastening the maturation of wine.

Theory of Champagne.—This wine being bottled before the fermentation is complete, part of the sugar remains undecomposed, and the fermentation goes on slowly in the bottle; and being heightened on drawing the cork, the wine sparkles in the glass.

The Sleep of Plants.—The common chickweed with white blossoms, affords a remarkable instance of what is called the sleep of plants; for every night the leaves approach in pairs, so as to include within their upper surface the tender rudiments of the new shoots, while the next under pair at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they close on the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch.

New Books.

THE TOWER: ITS HISTORY, ARMORIES, AND ANTIQUITIES. BY J. HEWITT.

THIS little work, from the official position of its author, and its publication "by authority of the Master General and Board of Ordnance," will, doubtless, become the accredited guide to "the Tower of London: its Histories, Armories, and Antiquities, before and since the Fire." Respecting this very interesting palace-fortress, much error prevails, notwithstanding the creditable labours of Brayley and Britton, and the more picturesque illustrations of Cruikshank and Ainsworth. History, we know, has been branded as "a great liar;" and popular credulity and love of the marvellous are ever straining to perpetuate the infamy. Almost every castle of the middle ages has its Julius Cæsar's and Devil's towers; and the claims of these personages to such distinction are alike valid; in truth, as Dulaure oddly observes, "every old building, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, is attributed to Cæsar or the devil." The public, in historical education, is like a great child catching at vulgar wonder, and overlooking sober truth. Popular sights, too, are irresistible

temptations to exaggerate. The monk showed the invisible hair to the relic-hunters, who reversed the proverb, and made believing seeing. A few years since we got into a dispute with the guide at the castle keep of Windsor, who, in showing the coats of mail of John, King of France, and David, King of Scotland, would give the fleurs-de-lis to the latter, and the thistle to the former; and our remonstrance drew down the laughter of the visitors and the incivility of the guide, who, he maintained, had shown the place long enough to know "which was which." The warders of the Tower, too, have had their tales of wonder about as accurate as the *sobriquet* of "beef-eaters." The crowd are not satisfied with Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, for the founder of the oldest parts of the Tower, but have selected the Salt Tower as Julius Cæsar's, and so it certainly was called temp. Henry VIII.; whereas, it is not older than the time of William Rufus. However, the people are not so much to blame here as their leaders in such matters. Leland adopted the tradition, that Cæsar erected a fortress on the site occupied by the Tower, which Pennant, and others equally credulous, have swallowed. This is altogether a gross fallacy, for Cæsar did not remain long enough in this part of the island to have erected any permanent edifice of defence; and, if such had been the case, so remarkable a fact would not have passed unnoticed in his Commentaries. But Cæsar appears as the classical progenitor of Britain, in our popular histories, which date every thing from "A. D. 55." Stukeley believed a citadel to have been built here in the time of Constantine the Great, and forthwith set it down in his own dear map of Roman London; but he was outstripped by a President of the Society of Antiquaries, who says, "the Tower of London was, *undoubtedly*, the capital fortress of the Romans; it was their Treasury, as well as their Mint." Now, his only authority for this positiveness was the finding of three Roman coins, and a few other Roman antiquities, in digging foundations for a new Ordnance office. That the Romans were located on or near this spot, is very probable; since it commanded the approach to the station by the Thames, whose antiquity it would be infidelity to question; but the Roman fortress is another matter; and although we hear much of the city, port, and walls of London, in the wars of the Danes and Saxons, there is no mention of the Tower, or any fortress in that situation, previous to the time of the Norman invasion.

It may be interesting to notice another error connected with the Tower. George, Duke of Clarence, in 1478, is said to have been drowned here in a cask of wine, or, as Lord Byron profanely sings,—"*maudlin Clarence in a Malmsey butt*;" but, as this circumstance is not mentioned in the fullest account of the measures taken against the Duke, the tradition is, probably, erroneous; and the chroniclers upon whom it rests are but doubtful authorities.

It is, however, time to return to the little Guide before us, in which there appears a laudable anxiety to disabuse the public mind of that class of errors to which we have adverted. It is, moreover, a good sign that Mr. Hewitt's book has not been written for the *nonce*, i. e. in consequence of the fire, like the chronicles which were sold by thousands among the crowds of gazers at the smoking ruins, and when more flats were caught upon Tower Hill than ever floated in the moat. This little volume was, we happen to know, undertaken some months previous to the recent conflagration: the manuscript was then in the hands of the printer, and but for the fire, the book would have been earlier before the public. Again, not only the material of this volume relating to the grand storehouse, but an official survey of the stores contained within that building, was completed during the week immediately preceding the

fire. The means have thus been afforded, of making the accounts, as well of the antiquities, as of the serviceable stores, more exact than could otherwise have been possible.

In his Preface, the author states his object to be to supply

"the want hitherto felt, of some volume which, in addition to the catalogue of ancient arms and armour contained in the Tower Museums, should give some account of the uses to which they were applied, the epochs at which they were introduced, and the historical events with which they were associated."

"In visiting a collection of pictures or of sculpture, there are few persons who are not able to view, with a moderate degree of understanding, the works of art placed before them. But of the thousands who pass through the Tower Armories, how many are there who can point out the difference between a *cuirass* and a *coat of mail*? Picture Galleries are common; and their contents are reproduced in endless variety by the engraver and the printer. Every one, therefore, has the means of forming a judgment of their merits, and of enjoying their beauties. Armouries are rare: and none but the confirmed antiquary or the laborious costumist can hope, in visiting such collections, to return with either increased knowledge or satisfied spirit."

If this were a source of mortification some years ago, when, from the high charges of admission, the visitors to the Tower Armories were few, how much more so must it be at present, when it is no unusual thing for upwards of a thousand persons to be admitted in the course of a single day.* This great increase of visitors shows at least an inclination in the public to *know something* of the ancient war costume and weapons of their ancestors; and that there are not many of this large number who would be glad to exchange the satisfaction of understanding for the glitter of a raree-show, we will not be so uncharitable as to suppose. Another great advantage of the reduction of price—the greatest, perhaps, is, that persons of even moderate means may come again and again to study this collection, who before were limited by the expense of the admission to a single view."

This is modestly proposed, and meritoriously executed; and the means kindly placed at the author's disposal, of consulting official documents hitherto unknown to the public, have enabled him to adduce many new facts, and to correct many ancient fables. The descriptions are accompanied by an Essay on English armour, from the time of William the Conqueror to its final disuse; the history of gun-founding and hand fire-arms, and of the Crown Jewels.

At starting, to use a fitting phrase within the Tower, we have a lance to break with Mr. Hewitt: we do not believe the Romans ever to have built a fortress upon the Tower site, for the reasons already adduced. We can only dip here and there for a few notes from the text, as the following, on the Norman Chapel of St. John, containing a suggestion which we hope to see carried out:—

"A portion of the national records are at present kept here; but as it is proposed to place the whole of them in the Victoria Tower of the New Houses of Parliament, it is to be

* On Easter Monday, 1841, there were 1045 visitors; on the day following, 1060. The following table, compiled from the Parliamentary returns, furnishes the best proof of the advantages of a low scale of admission.

Year.	Admission.	Visitors.	Revenues.
1837-8 . . .	2s. and fee . . .	10,500 . . .	£1050
1838-9 . . .	1s.	41,000 . . .	2050
1839-40 . . .	6d.	80,000 . . .	2000
1840-41 . . .	6d.	91,897 . . .	2297

This relates to the Armories alone. The experiment, however, was so successful, that it was resolved to extend the plan to the Regalia, which are now to be seen for the same small sum.

hoped the opportunity will be taken of throwing open the chapel to the public. Situated immediately over one of the buildings already exhibited—the Queen Elizabeth Armory—nothing could be easier than to unite the two by a staircase. Whether we regard this chapel as an architectural curiosity, or as an historical monument, there is not, in the whole country, an object of greater interest.”

“On the origin of the Spanish Armory is the annexed information.—

“A very curious and elaborate survey has lately been brought to light by Robert Porrett, Esq., and is still preserved by him at the Tower, in which, for the first time, mention is made of a ‘SPANISH WEAPON HOUSE’—that is, a house in which the weapons were of the Spanish fashion or manufacture.

“We must not omit to notice either, that in the list of weapons before us, a distinction is made between the ‘Spanish Partizans’ and the ‘Demi-Partizans.’ If these arms had been spoils, the word Spanish would have been equally required in both cases. Another striking particular is, that in all this carefully-arranged catalogue of Spanish weapons, not the slightest hint is thrown out of their having been captured from an enemy.

“The author of an ingenious treatise on ancient armour, lately published, writes: ‘To this feeling (the anxiety of Queen Elizabeth to maintain the hardy character of her people), joined to the desire for warlike expeditions to foreign shores, which seemed to actuate the whole British nation in the days of Raleigh, and Essex, and Sydney, may be attributed the many improvements and importations from Italy and Spain, effected in the fashion of armour and warlike instruments at that period.’

“The ‘Spanish Weapons,’ then, meant nothing more than weapons of Spanish fashion or fabrication; and for the derivation of the fable touching the spoils of the Armada, we must look to another quarter.

“I believe it is not necessary to look long. The exhibitors of the Armouries, finding a ‘Spanish Weapon House’ in one part of the premises, and a ‘Collar of torment taken from the Spaniard’ in another, had no great trouble in bringing the two together; and by a natural process, which cicerones in all parts of the world pretty well understand, formed as engaging an exhibition as can well be imagined.”

The anomalies in the Horse Armory, before Sir S. Meyrick’s rectification, were really ludicrous. Thus:—

“The ‘Line of Kings’ commenced with William the Conqueror, in a suit of plate armour; and finished with George the First and George the Second, each clad in ‘Armour cap-à-pie, with a Turkey bridle and saddle.’ Edward V. also appeared in a suit of cap-à-pie; and James I. in the one ornamented with the badges of the Dudley Family, the Bear and Ragged Staff. Both William the Conqueror and William the Third were clad in the plate armour of the age of Edward VI. The suit of Henry V. was composed from parts of three others, of which the upper portion was of the time of Charles I., while the legs, which were not fellows, were of the age of Henry VII. Henry VIII. also had the misfortune to have odd legs. George I. and George II. were armed cap-à-pie in suits of Henry the Eighth’s time, and mounted on Turkish saddles, gilt and ornamented with the globe, crescent, and star. John of Gaunt is a knight of Henry the Eighth’s reign, and De Courcy a demi-lancer of Edward the Sixth’s. The helmet of Queen Elizabeth is of the period of Edward VI.; the armour for her arms, of that of Charles I.; her breastplate goes as far back as Henry VIII., and the garde-de-reins of that monarch covers her majesty’s ‘abdomen.’

“And it must not be forgotten, that the inclination to indulge in fable is not confined to the Tower of London. At Paris they exhibit the armour of Roland and Renaud de Montauban, the casque of St. Louis, and the panoply of Joan of Arc. In Germany we find the harness of Cunigunda, and of Rudolph of Hapsbourg. And at Naples we are shown the helmet of Attila! After this they must not too warmly reproach us with our John of Gaunt, our William the Conqueror, and our De Courcy.”

The following is the actual extent of damage by the late fire:—

“The Small-arms Armory was a noble apartment above the Train, occupying the whole length of the building. At the time of its destruction, this room alone contained upwards of sixty thousand stand of arms—musquets, carbines, and rifles. There was also a considerable quantity in the Train below, and in other premises connected with the building. The total amount was about a hundred thousand stand. Of percussion musquets, there were in store, previously to the fire, twelve thousand. Eleven thousand were destroyed.

“Luckily, however, the store of arms was much below the average number, owing to the rapid supply of percussion musquets to the various regiments. This average is about two hundred thousand. Sometimes the amount was much greater. In 1830 the number was six hundred thousand.

“There were also about twenty-six thousand bayonets, twenty-two thousand flint locks, seven thousand percussion locks, and a large quantity of belts, slings, and pouches, the whole of which have been destroyed or rendered unserviceable.

“The Barrel Room, containing about eighty-five thousand barrels (musquet, carbine, and rifle), being situated in the lower part of one of the old towers, escaped injury.

“The loss, altogether, including arms, accoutrements, ornaments, and miscellaneous stores, with the building itself, may be estimated at about a quarter of a million.”

To this succeeds what must now be valuable,—“a sketch of the disposition of the rooms, previous to the late fire, and of the curiosities they contained, adding such particulars of the present state of the relics, as may enable the visitor to the Tower to recognize them where they lie.”

We must now conclude. But first, is a corrective note among the Regalia:—

“The Golden Saltcellar of State is of pure gold, richly adorned with jewels and grotesque figures in chased work. Its form is castellated, and it has hence been called a ‘model of the White Tower,’ of which it bears a very slight resemblance.”

Throughout the volume are noticed several recent purchases, among them some of the suits of armour worn at the Eglintoun tournament. It is a common cry—what becomes of the admission-money paid at the Tower?—to which we find this very satisfactory reply in the little book before us:—

“A large portion of the monies arising from the exhibition of the Tower Armouries is applied, by the Board of Ordnance, to the purchase of additional suits of armour, and rare specimens of ancient weapons, hitherto wanting to complete the chronological series. Within this last year, several costly suits, of the ages of Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, foreign as well as English, with a great variety of offensive arms and other military implements, have been added. Several valuable additions have also been made by the contributions of private individuals; and instructions have been sent out to the officers commanding at various foreign stations, to neglect no opportunity of securing and forwarding to the Tower such objects of a warlike nature, as may be curious from their construction, or remarkable from their antiquity; so that it is to be hoped, that in a short time the TOWER ARMORIES, already unrivalled in interest, may challenge competition in extent and completeness with any collection of the kind in Europe.”

The work is liberally illustrated with wood-cuts, from original drawings; and the cover of the book is ‘illuminated’ by a new printing process. Altogether, there are pains-taking and fairness towards all former labourers in the same field, evident in every page; so that we do not fail to recommend this work as the best *cicerone* to the Tower. It is characteristically cheap, the price being Half-a-crown.

VARIETIES.

The Ranger's Lodge, in the Green park, will be taken down early in the spring. By the way, the deer upon the gate-posters were modelled from a pair of prints by Bartolozzi.

The Equestrian Statue of the late King George the Fourth, in bronze, by Chantrey, nine feet high, is likely to be placed in the Long Walk at Windsor.—*Times*.

The Red Sea.—M. Rochet d'Hericourt, in some observations on the different points near Suez, traditionally connected with the name of Moses, considers the spot usually assigned as that whence the Israelites passed the Red Sea, to be too far from Suez; nearer that town there is a sand-bank running into the estuary, by which it is probable the Israelites passed over, and on which the returning tide caught the Egyptian army, and destroyed it.

The Artesian Well at Grenelle, Paris, has cost £12,000; its depth is 1794½ feet; and it throws up 880,000 gallons of water per day. Still, this vast work is not likely to prove available for any useful purpose; for, owing to some disturbance in the bore, the lining-tubes cannot be put down, and portions of them are twisted and bent in the passage; and the Paris papers say, by way of badinage we hope, that if the well be abandoned, from the quantity of clay, stones, and sand, which it daily throws up, such will be the excavations and settlements of the ground, that in twenty years a large portion of Paris will have its foundations standing on the edge of a precipice! After all, the Paris bore is a grand failure, and has cost more than three times the sum and time that a similar well has cost in Belgium; indeed it would have been more profitable to send for Chinese borers, who bore wells in the rock to the depth of two or three thousand feet, for from ten to twenty thousand francs, whereas the Grenelle bore cost 302,375 francs.

Birds may be said to constitute the poetry of animated nature; and whether we regard the beauty of their forms and colours, the grace and rapidity of their motions when soaring in the sky, or swimming on the surface of the water, the extent of their vision, or their instinctive intelligence, these creatures seem to be of a nature superior to those whose actions are restricted to moving merely upon the earth. What can be more marvellous than that the egg we may take into our hand, and which seems as inert as the pebble at our feet, should, in a few weeks, be transformed into a majestic eagle, flying over the loftiest mountains, and into far distant countries, with the rapidity of an arrow? This transformation may be too common an occurrence to impress our imaginations, and we may deaden the feelings of admiration by the unmeaning words that—"this is nothing more than the ordinary course of nature, or an every day phenomenon;" yet, common as it is, when it is duly considered as an insulated fact, what miracle of creative energy can appear more astonishing! The power of rapid locomotion which birds possess, and their general dread or dislike of man, remove the larger species from populous countries, and make it difficult to obtain an intimate knowledge of their habits and instincts, though this constitutes the most delightful part of natural history.

Toads in Stone.—A short time since, some live toads were discovered in a cavity at the base of a stone column in Barking church, which, so far as can be ascertained, had been closed up for seventy years.—*Times*.

Arsenicated Candles are again in the market; the makers employing arsenic to effect what chemists have proved may be as well effected by innocuous means.

Cheap Almanacs.—The quackish cheap almanacs should be examined closely, as every other *soi-disant* cheap article ought to be. In one of these lights of the age, we do not find Lord Melbourne among the Viscounts; the sage compiler, probably, considering retirement from office and the peerage simultaneous.

Titles.—The number of titled persons in the British Empire, amount, by right, to nearly three thousand; and those by courtesy, about five thousand in number.

Poison Tree.—A camel, after eating the leaves of the *Sourami*, or poison tree of Adel, always dies within a quarter of an hour. The Arabs make a decoction of the roots of this tree, and after evaporating it, put part of the residuum behind the iron points of their arrows.

Real Poverty.—No body is so poor, and so distressed, as men of very large fortunes, who are fond of making an unwise display to the world.—*Sydney Smith*.

Rather Foggy.—In the *Sheffield Iris* of November 30, the streets are stated to have been, on the previous Saturday, filled with a dirty, damp fog, so thick, you might almost drive pegas into it to hang your hats and cloaks upon.—*A Subscriber*.

Chaucer.—What is the character of Chaucer's diction? A great delusion exists on this point. Some ninety or a hundred words that are now obsolete, certainly not many more, vein the whole surface of Chaucer, and thus a *prima facie* impression is conveyed that Chaucer is difficult to understand; whereas a very slight practice familiarises his language.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Gravesend.—A third pier is about to be erected at Gravesend, upon the completion of which the present Terrace-pier will be pulled down. It is to be a handsome structure of iron, and will cost about £8,000.

The late Fire at the Tower.—Among the thousand rumours originating in the destruction of the Grand Storehouse (most of them absurdly untrue), one has been extensively circulated, that the whole of the Tower armories, with the antiquities they contained, have become a prey to the flames. To any one at all acquainted with the localities of the Tower, the untruth of this assertion must be evident. The building destroyed, containing chiefly modern arms for the supply of our troops, was situated to the north of the White Tower, while the collection of ancient armour and weapons, for which the Tower of London has been so long famous, was deposited either in the White Tower itself, or in the building called the Horse Armory, on its south side, both of them unapproached by the flames.—*Hewitt's "The Tower," &c.*

The Steam-Engine.—M. Delecluze has lately made a discovery among the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, carrying a knowledge of the steam-engine to at least as far back as the fifteenth century. He has published in the *Artiste* a notice on the life of Leonardo da Vinci, to which he adds a fac-simile of a page from one of his manuscripts, and on which are five sketches with the pen, representing the details of the apparatus of a steam-gun, with an explanatory note upon what he designates under the name of the "Architonnerre," and of which note the following is a translation:—"Invention of Archimedes. The Architonnerre is a machine of fine copper, which throws balls with a loud report and great force. It is used in the following manner:—One third of this instrument contains a large quantity of charcoal fire. When the water is well heated, a screw at the top of the vessel which contains the water must be made quite tight. On closing the screw above, all the water will escape below, will descend into the heated portion of the instrument, and be immediately converted into a vapour so abundant and powerful, that it is wonderful to see its fury and hear the noise it produces. This machine will carry a ball a talent in weight." It is worthy of remark, that Leonardo da Vinci, far from claiming the merit of this invention for himself, or the men of his time, attributes it to Archimedes.—*Calignani's Messenger*.

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